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LOVING AND FORGIVING.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

On loving and forgiving—
Ye angel-words of earth,
Years were not worth the living
If ye two had not birth!
On loving and forgiving—
How sweet your mission here;
The grief that ye are sharing
Hath blessings in its tear.
On stern and unforgiving—
Ye evil words of life,
That mock the joys of living
With never-ending strife.
On harsh and unrepenting—
How would ye meet the grave,
If Heaven, as unrelenting,
Forbore not, nor forgive!
On loving and forgiving—
Sweet sisters of the soul,
In whose celestial living
The passions find control!
Still breathe your influence o'er us
When'er or by passion cross'd,
And, angel-like, restore us
To the paradise we lost.

Select Tale.

THE RETRIBUTION;
or, Juliette Percival and the Hessian Soldier.

FREE TALE—BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

It was a cloudy afternoon in September 1777. The sun was descending behind the far Alleghenies and beyond the broad Mississippi, into the ocean bed in the Pacific, when the events of the narrative now about to be rehearsed began. Before an humble brick edifice in Philadelphia, a small group of individuals were gathered, by the side of an ancient and unique carriage containing but two occupants. The persons in the vehicle seemed to be exchanging an adieu with a venerable, grey-headed gentleman, who stood with his hat off, and his silver locks stirred by the breeze which blew from the west, and rustled among some trees in an open area near at hand. A few sympathizing listeners stood by, apparently deeply interested in the separation about to occur.

"You must return with all secrecy," said the elder gentleman, who stood near the carriage. "It was a perilous adventure to come here, when the king's troops may be within one day's march of the city—nay, when they may be nearer still. To-day is the seventeenth; to-morrow it is determined that myself and all my fellow members of the Federal Congress shall depart from Lancaster. We shall quit the city for the hamlet; and the banks of the Delaware and Schuylkill for those of the Conestoga. I charge you, brother, go by the river road; it is shady and quiet; and as for you, your prospects for the ensuing month or two, are too golden and brilliant to be jeopardized by the exposure of your face and pretty form to the gaze of ruthless Hessians, or it may be the vindictive glance of some straggling descendants of the Lenapees. Even the Indians of the land in this unequal struggle wherein we are engaged, are bought and set against us."

"Fear not for us, dear uncle," said the young lady, as she loosened the string on her hand, and then threw her caressing hand over her clear, young brow to receive the parting salutation of her venerable relative. Her countenance was possessed at the moment with that sweet expression of sweet sadness, which renders woman in sorrow so supremely lovely. As she bent forward and pressed her rosy lips on the silver temples of her uncle, tears dimmed the dark blue heaven of her eyes, and her frame, just rounded in the voluptuous fullness of seventeen trembled with emotion. "Fear not for us," she repeated, with feigned composure, "the river road is quiet and un molested, and I shall not feel so terrified in the country as in the city." Her voice faltered as she added, "But have we not reason to fear for George Leslie? He has barely escaped the death which his bravery seemed to court on the field of Brandywine—and will the same exemption attend his future chivalry? Alas! I feel my heart sink, when I reflect upon the dangers into which he soon may be rushing. Without his presence, too, I am lost, perilled and unhappy. Last evening as I sat in my room in Mulberry Street, looking in the uncertain moonlight away, down towards the distant woods and copes by the Schuylkill, I was musing deeply about him and the dangers which be-

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"The Constitution—The Safeguard of the Federal Compact."—James K. Polk.

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set him—when I saw a misshapen form often pass to and fro in the street beneath, opposite the window of my chamber. It was that hateful Hessian, of whom I have before told you, who has so often accosted and annoyed me in his prowlings about Wilmington. I have not yet mentioned these things to my father, lest they might increase his solicitude. None had witnessed him but myself—and in pursuance of a threat and an oath, which he forced me to hear, he has discovered the secret of all my walks and journeys with my father, and has followed me from Wilmington to Nazareth hither. He avoids me by day, yet hunts me in the darkness like an evil and mysterious spirit; he lurks about our dwelling in country and in town, and sometimes pulls away the vines from my window, to gaze upon me with the indescribable hideousness of a fierce eye and talks of "passions." "Yet," she added, "I do not fear him; I trust in that power which doth all things well, and my fears are resolved into praise for the past goodness of God."

There was a blending of disguised fear in the deep flow of youthful affection, in the separation of the maid from her uncle, which ordinary occasions would by no means have excited. Her father bade her uncle farewell with a manly and dignified coolness, befitting one who in the course of war then progressing, had executed many signal and ennobling exploits. It was a period when the storms of the revolution were gathering darkly in all quarters of the horizon. The winged fleets of the enemies of freedom were buoyed upon the waters of the Chesapeake, the Delaware, and the Elk; and the thunders on the field of Brandywine had scarcely ceased to vibrate over the fair regions around. The father of Juliette Percival had been for a long time an officer under Colonel Stewart. He had been advantageously engaged with the troops of Sir William Howe of Brandywine; and for the purpose of conveying his young daughter Nazareth from Wilmington, then a small hamlet about half a league from the Delaware, he had obtained General Washington's leave of absence from the army for three days.

The emotions of the father and his child, as they proceeded out of the city to the north, were of a different, though equally sober kind. Captain Percival was pondering on the situation of a beloved country, and a family whose existence was dearer than his own. On whatsoever side he turned his eye, the land was endangered. To the South the smoke of the recent battle seemed almost to hang over the blue highlands of Christienne; Philadelphia was in peril and the enemy was near. Congress was on the point of penetrating farther into the west, where they could deliberate together without an apprehension that their debates would suddenly be broken up by the thrill of martial trumpets, or the clash of opposing swords. From the city, when they once set their feet firmly in the streets, the king's troops might sally out into the adjacent country, lay waste in fields then ready for the harvest; and massacre the inhabitants by the light of their blazing dwellings. Juliette sat with her eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the landscape over which they were journeying. The scene was beautiful. As the city and its suburban trees faded from their view, the road rounded in a graceful and continuous stretch along the western shore of the Delaware. The sun had descended, and the moon touched the river with an inconstant shower of silver, shedding an uncertain light on their way. A silence ensued between the travellers, as if the spirit of the scene which surrounded them was impressed upon each. By degrees yielding to the enquiries of the father, who questioned her respecting her sadness and silence, the gentle Juliette disclosed the history of the surveillance of the Hessian, the threats of constancy in pursuing her, which he had made, and the fears which his menace had awakened. She confessed, that, full of forebodings, she had written to Leslie, who having been wounded only a few days before, was lying ill at Chester. He had returned a most tender and affectionate answer, imploring her to be prudent and promising that he should not proceed to Nazareth until his restoration, during which period he hoped to act as her defender.

The next evening found the travellers in the borough of Easton on the Delaware. At that period the place was diminutive and of little importance consisting only of a few scattered dwellings, of various aspects and dimensions; and some of wood, browned by the weather; others of brick, with spotted ends. In the middle of the road and near the end of the borough, stood a decent public edifice, apparently a church; beyond it rolled the Delaware, and an abrupt hill rose on the opposite shore. As they approached the church Juliette remarked that a mile board stood near it, on which she had before noticed the words "eight miles to Nazareth." She was just opening her lips to mention the pleasing thought of being so near home, when, as they wheeled by the edifice, her eyes became riveted on a figure which was peering out from an angle in the building. It was broad moonlight; she grasped instinctively the arm of her father, and pointed at the object. It was the Hessian Soldier, to whose uncouth and almost brutal gait she had been so often subjected. He raised his hand over his face as if to cast its shadows on his austere brow and repulsive visage, and gazing intently for an instant, he skulked abruptly around a corner of the building and disappeared from their view.

It was nearly a month after these circumstances, that Captain Percival with his daughter Juliette and her young sister, then in childhood, were seated around a cheerful hearth in their cottage at Nazareth. The afternoon was closing, and as the sun broke out among the cloudy draperies of the west and sprinkled his golden smiles into the little parlor, Juliette arose and gazed with earnestness from the window. The day, for the most part, had been one of wind & storm; but the winds had retired to their caverns and through the tears of a clearing heaven, the sunset poured itself aslant upon the hills and clouds in an unusual beauty. The scene was a spell upon the heart of Juliette. It induced a contented reliance on that God in whose infinite sight are unfolded the cares of the children of men. She looked across the eminence, or undulating ridge upon which her father's cottage was situated to another near half a mile distant. It was a low, white mansion, before whose doors poplars and oaks, with other ornamental trees stood waving like winged rainbows in western air, and clothed in all the colors which accompany the American forests in the autumn season. In that cottage lay her adored and honored George Leslie. There she had ministered to his wants and sickness with the devotedness of unsullied and youthful affection. Before his wound was healed he had again rushed into the battle at Germantown; and was now lying, scarcely convalescent, in a chamber whose windows she beheld brightening in the last rays of the setting sun. All the events of a few weeks flitted across her memory. The royal army had taken possession of Philadelphia; and the regions around were in terror and confusion. Her father had again sought the field, and encountered the foe, and Leslie, was suffering from injuries received in the contest. Impressed with that fear for the future, which the state of individuals and communities around her fully warranted, and actuated by the tenderest impulses of her woman's heart, she had consented to her union with Leslie as soon as his recovery would possibly admit. The tears sprang to her clear full eyes as her meditations deepened; and seeking to avert the melancholy tenor of her thought she flung a shawl over her shoulders, and stopped forth into the garden to gaze on the prospects around.

In the north west lay the mountain of the Blue Ridge, at a distance of nearly forty miles, overlooking the ranges near at hand and exactly resembling high piles of clouds along the horizon. The vast country which intervened and embraced a circuit of nearly thirty leagues, seemed as if an immense lake, with a gently undulating bed, had suddenly dried, and in place of its waters there had sprung up a few scattering meadows, with dwellings lying like spots upon them—and wide, soft lapses of many colored and dimly blended woods. As her eye glanced to the northwest, she beheld the great Delaware Water Gap, and the river breaking through the Blue Ridge from a height of nearly four hundred feet; towards the northwest lay Wine Gap, and directly to the westward Lehigh Water Gap—all seeming, though fifty miles distant from each other, breaking through the stupendous and billowy mountains which lay unheaved afar. The last smile of day lingered in peerless beauty upon the heads of those mighty "ambassadors from earth to heaven," the glory of the clouds above them; the sunset kindling the fiery west, the blending of the earth and sky, and the sunlight upon the floods in the distance, formed a scene calculated at once to awe the chastened heart and to intoxicate the imagination. Juliette gazed until the scene became dim and indistinct in the approaching shadows of twilight. Wrapt insensibly in a chain of memory and anticipation, she was leaning on the tasteful stile at the extremity of the garden, when she heard the rustling of footsteps behind her. She had scarcely turned to look, when George Leslie stood before her. His countenance was pale, but his eyes were bright and his voice was firm. "I have heard your vows—they must be broken. Go with me to Europe. I will treat you, not as you deserve, like the daughter of a rebel, but like a companion and a friend. Denial is death! I have pursued you long. I have forfeited my life by deserting the army of my king for your charms—I will win you or both of us shall die. I linger here for nothing but to say you must not wed another. Death will break the nuptial vow. Swear that this interview be disclosed to none, or this moment is the last of your existence. I pause for your words of reply. I would be gone."

He ceased. The soul and matted tufts of hair upon his lips quivered in his agitation and he grinned a horrid demon like smile, as she gave her solemn promise that their interview should remain an inviolable secret. She knew not what she said. The days that elapsed between the interview in the garden and the time appointed for the solemnization of marriage, were passed by Juliette Percival in a state of alternate hope and fear. But as the time drew nigh, her terrors increased. What she had previously disclosed to Leslie, had awakened in him a spirit of keen surveillance and suspicion. He had recovered from his wounds, and engaged a number of young yeomenry of the neighborhood to sleep in the house of Capt. Percival, to secure the safety of the household consisting only of the motionless Juliette, her young sister and a servant.—Capt. Percival, enabled by his recent wounds, was an invalid incapable of defence, in the mean time, Juliette was strictly conjoined not to venture out unattended by night or day. On the eveing appointed for the nuptials of Juliette Percival with Geo. Leslie, a stranger might have discovered a flickering light on the yellow and crimson leaves of a cluster of hugh ash trees, which darkened the roadside a few hundred yards from the mansion of Capt. Percival. It proceeded from a lantern held by an old and withered Indian. As its rays fell upon his ploughed and painted visage, they disclosed a keen and restless anxiety of the eye. His long hair hung in strange and damp masses on each side of his furrowed temples, and a large drop of silver depended from his nose shaped like the rattle of a snake. Over his close deerskin vest, trimmed with fur of the mink, was braided a wide wampum belt upon which hung several scalps, of different colored hair, and melancholy relics of murdered white women and children. His whole appearance indicated a spirit familiar with blood, and thirsting for deeds of rapine and cruelty. He assumed an attitude of listening attention for a moment, and turning to the middle tree of the group, which was hollow exclaimed—

"Saginah—ah!" The word was one of recognition, & the person summoned rushed out of the hollow before him. It was the Hessian soldier: "Well, sleepless panther," said he "what did you see? Is the young soldier at Capt. Percival's, and does the pale grey head stay below?" "Yes," said the Indian, "his house is filled with so many pale faces." And as he said "so many," he lifted the forefinger of his right hand. "The dove-eyed squaw no there—She is asleep. They keep watch. I no kill 'em. I blind, no see good in evenin'." "Then the deed be done," said the Hessian. "Go thy ways Panther. Here is money. Keep thy mouth shut and thy ears open. Go!"

Fly not at your peril, but hear me! I cannot listen to expostulation—I know your pale lover; I have seen your interviews; I have heard your vows—they must be broken. Go with me to Europe. I will treat you, not as you deserve, like the daughter of a rebel, but like a companion and a friend. Denial is death! I have pursued you long. I have forfeited my life by deserting the army of my king for your charms—I will win you or both of us shall die. I linger here for nothing but to say you must not wed another. Death will break the nuptial vow. Swear that this interview be disclosed to none, or this moment is the last of your existence. I pause for your words of reply. I would be gone."

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"Hoo!" said Panther, as he popped the lantern into the hands of the soldier. Good by. The big cannons of Manito are firing in the sky. The storm spirit is coming. I go down to my wigwam where the big lake runs." The old Indian darted away into the darkness of the woods, and the soldier was left in solitude.

A tempest had been some time gathering in the west, and the flashes of lightning were vivid and almost incessant; while the howling of thunder and the hoarse and cloudy wind that sighed deeply amid the dry leaves around them added to the gloom. A few drops of rain were falling on the dry leaves, as Juliette stood in the garden, looking up at the sky, and in deep thought.

"It is decided," he muttered to himself. "She cannot live for me. To decoy her is impossible against odds so awful. She must die for me, then! I have said it and it shall be accomplished."

He drew from the cavity of the tree a long bright musket. It was of the kind denominated "Queen's Arms," very heavy and massive in its structure. He blew out the light in his lantern, and moved towards the house which sheltered the object of his wicked solicitude.

In the rear of his mansion Capt. Percival had erected a long shed in which were kept sundry bee-hives.—The sweet product of the summer of their fruitful occupants, compensated abundantly for their care. The shed extended some distance into the garden from the end of the dwelling, at the base of which a few vines had grown up and hung in beautiful festoons about the window shutters of the chamber appropriated to Miss Percival.

The Hessian approached the shed, he placed his gun in a water conduct or which ran along its humble eaves, and mounting into the branches of a peach tree not yet disrobed of all its rich fruit, he gained the ridge of the rude shelter, and lifting his musket, walked steadily up to the window. He drew aside the still green vines which mantled about it, and looked carefully in. It was the bed chamber of the lovely, innocent girl, about whose steps he had hung like a hungry lion.

A lamp stood on a plain but rich table, beneath a mirror. Miss Percival was in prayer. Her polished shoulders carelessly and but half invested in her shawl, and her fine chestnut hair fell in glossy waves upon her neck and bosom, as she knelt in her night dress by the bed side, with the bible open before her. Her little sister lay in bed; her bright tresses breaking out from a lawn cap, and shadowing a fair young cheek, which seemed stained with roses. The small hands of Miss Percival were clasped together on the inspired page, and she occasionally lifted up her fearful and spiritual eyes or dropped the long lashes over them in the humility of devotion, her face seemed impressed with the passionless pleading of an angel.

The Hessian was moved, and for some moments he seemed panting for the decision of some supernatural suspense. The storm had now arisen in its fury, the rain came down in heavy floods, and the voice of the thunder was deep and almost continual. The wide landscape which surrounded the cottage would ever and anon open from afar at the glance of the lightning, only to be swallowed in a moment by "the jaws of darkness."

"I would do it now!" muttered the soldier as he drew back. "I will send her to the God she is entreating—I shall but send an angel to heaven."

He retreated a few paces on the roof beneath the shade of a tall poplar whose bare branches trembled over the shed—he raised the musket to his breast—he pointed it directly at the heart of Juliette Percival, and fired!

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and the guilty soul of the Hessian soldier was before his God.

"And pray Aunt, what became of George Leslie and Miss Percival," said a young and lovely girl to her relative, who had rehearsed the foregoing tale, as they sat in the library of a princely mansion on the banks of the Schuylkill.

The lady to whom the question was addressed turned to her young niece and replied with a smile—

"They are married, my dear Juliette; they have lived together many years, and are now both happily and healthily enjoying the fruits of a long and virtuous life. The lady to whom the question was addressed turned to her young niece and replied with a smile—

"Where do they live, aunt?" "You see the heroine my dear, daily before you. She is your mother! I have disguised the incident and names, that the story might beguile your fancy, and interest your heart. Wrapped as with a garment in the original brightness of youth, you are now what your mother ever appeared. May your course be as pure, and the light of your hope be as brilliant as that which lingers around the coming evening of your parents existence."

True Prosperity.—You talk of the true prosperity of your town. I know but one true prosperity! Do not point me to your thronged streets. I ask who thronged them? Is it the low minded, self seeking, gold-worshipping, and man despising crowd, I see rushing through them? Do not I meet in them under the female form, the gaily decked, idle, wasteful, aimless, woman of fashion? Do I meet the young man, showing off his pretty person as the perfection of nature's works, wasting his golden hours in dissipation and sloth, and bearing in his countenance and gaze the mark of a profligate? Do I meet a grasping multitude seeking to thrive by concealment and fraud? An anxious multitude driven by fear and want to doubtful means of gain? An unfeeling multitude, caring nothing for others, if they themselves may prosper or enjoy? In the neighbourhood of your comfortable or splendid dwellings, are these abodes of squalid misery or reckless crime, of half famished children, of profaneness, dissoluteness, of temptation for thoughtless youth! And are these multiplying with your prosperity, and outstripping and neutralizing the influence of truth and virtue? Then your prosperity is a vain show! Its true use is to make a better people.

The glory and happiness of a city consists not in the numbers, but in the character of its population! Of all the fine arts in a city, the grandest is the art of forming noble specimens of humanity! The costliest production of our manufactures are cheap compared with a wise, good human being! A city which should practically adopt the principle, that man is worth more than wealth or show, would place it at the head of the cities! A city in which men should be trained, worthy of the name, would become the metropolis of the earth.—Dr. Channing.

Anonymous.—"An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the ordinary practice of music. They were observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, 'when any thing disturbs their temper, I say to them sing, and if I hear them speaking against any person, I call them to sing to me, and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, every disposition of scandal.' Such an use of this accomplishment, might serve to fit a family for the company of angels. Young voices around the domestic altar, breathing sacred music, at the hour of morning and evening devotion are a sweet touching accompaniment."—L. H. Sigourney.

If there is sometimes an advantage in delay, there is also a security in despatch. Darius conquered two of the most potent of all the kings by two different expedients, celerity and delay; he broke the flourishing power of Mithridates by spinning out the time; and that of Tigranes by pushing on without allowing him leisure to look around him.